

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN

By Berton Braley.

Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned doctor,
The old-fashioned doctor we all used to know?
The guide and the friend and the bread-pill concoctor,
The fatherly doctor who helped us to grow?
When old Dame Despair tried to fright us he mocked her
He held Death at bay with his unfailing cheer,
Oh, he was a peach, was the old-fashioned doctor,
The chatty old doctor we all held so dear!
The tender old doctor, the kindly old doctor,
The chubby old doctor we all held so dear.

Why now, when you feel all unhappy and ailing
You go to one doctor and he calls in two,
And then they consult in a way unavailing
And call in six others to diagnose you;
For one is an expert on ills of the eyebrow,
Another with ills of the nose is content,
And when you get through with this outfit so highbrow
You're worse than you were,—and your money is spent,
With the specialist highbrow, the Heidelberg highbrow,
The highly fed highbrow who sees it is spent.

And therefore I ask for the old-time physician
Who dosed you up well for whatever went ill,
Who knew all your history, folks, and condition
And always was moderate, too, in his bill,
Who wasn't, perhaps, any treatise concoctor,
But ushered in plenty of babes in his day.
Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned doctor,
The ruddy old doctor who rode in a shay,
The hard-working doctor, the bright-smiling doctor,
The lovable doctor who rode in a shay?

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A Defendant Was Provoked.

The Judge—You admit that you struck the man?

The Culprit—Yes, your honor. But he gave me ample provocation.

The Judge—What was it?

The Culprit—Why, I had just met the man—never saw him before in my life, and we hadn't

been talking more than a minute or two when he addressed me as professor.

The Judge—Discharged.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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One form of joke that ought to be suppressed is this thing of taking a man's watch "just to see if he will miss it."